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Approx. 160 words

I am a dignified school teacher - neither young nor elderly. One late afternoon on Main Street of a small Pennsylvania city, I was walking toward my car which I had left in front of a park (where the benches were filled with masculine loungers.)

Just as I stepped off the curb to cross the one-way street that bordered the park, I knew calamity was ahead of me for I felt the elastic band of an undergarment give way and with the next step came the unmistakable creeping sensation of something going down over my knees.

I was frantic and helpless. By the time I had crossed the narrow one-way street and was only a few feet from the first park bench, it happened! As I stopped suddenly, there was first a snicker, then I heard loud guffaws and the head of this dignified school teacher began to swim.

Used to instant decisions, knowing this situation demanded immediate action, I quickly glued my eyes defiantly to the eyes of the snickering loungeur, held his gaze unfalteringly as I leaned down, stepped out of the offending pink silk panties, and, holding them in my hand, marched toward my car. As my eyes unsmilingly continued to hold theirs, the guffaws and snickers ceased - not a word - not a sound as I entered my car and quickly drove away, unconquered apparently. But, around the corner, out of sight of the park loungers, my bravado ebbed away and with head on steering wheel a woman's tears released the tension of my most embarrassing minute.

THE END